

# Got It Wrong

L.A. Guns

Oh, I think I know who you are  
I see it all the time  
So, honey  
Does your mama know your type?

Oh, got paintings of my picture on your jacket  
I see you there at every show  
You're driving out of state to see me, oh yeah  
Even your friends would tell you so

You don't get me  
Get it?  
Got it wrong  
Oh, yeah

You don't get me  
Get it?  
Got it wrong  
Got it wrong  
You don't get nothing, girl  
Got it wrong  
Come on

Oh, I think you know what you want  
You think you got it right  
So funny  
Tell it different every night

Oh, yeah, the day you saw my photo in the paper  
I got a face you think you know  
Hang around the back to see me running  
Till they say you gotta go

You don't get me  
Get it?  
Got it wrong  
No, no

You don't get me  
Get it?  
Got it wrong  
You don't get it  
You don't get nothing, girl  
So wrong

Done explaining how you're vile  
You infect me with your eyes  
Entertaining on the sly  
If you land me, I'll deny  
I'll be laughing through your tears  
When I throw you outta here  
But you made it all the way

Got it wrong  
Got it wrong

Don't get me

You getting this?  
You got it wrong  
Don't get me  
Oh, no

Don't get me  
You getting this?  
You got it wrong

You don't get nothing  
No, no  
You got it all wrong